THEY STUDY ART

Glimpses of Life in the Ateliers of

PREPARATIONS FOR THE CONTEST

Some of the Requirements for Admission to the Beaux Arts.

THE GRAND PRIZE

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.



student is the least definite thing in the world. The subject may have no great talent or application. Yet he will find plenty of ateliers open to him for his money. To be a student of the Paris Beaux Arts, on the other hand, means something very definite indeed. The

school of the Beaux Arts is the French State University of painting, sculpture and architecture.

To be "of the Beaux Arts" is a proud position for any young Frenchman. Instead of paying for his tuition he knows that he has gained it in a public competition. He is taught free, and has the right to try for prizes, honors and recompenses. He knows that his school-the state school -sets the pace for all those private schools which make Parls the art center of the

Admission to this government university of the fine arts is difficult, if only by reason of competition. Any one-you or I, who are not even art students-may obtain permission to follow the lecture courses. Aspiring students of very ordinary ability, so that they be over fifteen years of age and under thirty, may come



with a certificate from any respectable source stating that they are "fit to undergo preliminary examination" and have them-selves inscribed at the office of the secretary. This gives them the right to fre-quent the school daily, attend lectures, practice drawing from the antique to their heart's content, and enjoy the criticism of a great master like Gerome, as he passes briskly through the hall. Dry, nervous, white-mustached, military-looking, M. Gerome enters rapidly and seats himself beside the hopeful copy.... timidity and great respect. eful copyist, who rises with 'Now there is a sketch that seems to

be good," commences the master, marking out the ideal lines of the figure with his hand. "Yet," he continues, piti-"it is really bad. You are losing yourself in details to the neglect of the whole." Or he may begin terribly: "What is your father's business, mon-



Gone Astray.

"My father?" stammers the unpromising **Metcher, "he is a druggist."
"Very well, my friend, if you continue to design after that fashion, you had better go back to your father.'

Gerome is not a man of compliments. His concillatory "Hum!" coupled with a smile and the advice to "continue," is sufficient to fill the worthy with a high degree of ecstasy.

These youths who copy in the Hall of the Antique are not "students of the Beaux Arts, properly so called." They aspire to be students. Their means do not permit them to pay for outside lessons or draw from the life in a pay-atelier, or they may think themselves strong enough to practice alone at drawing until the next half-yearly examination for admission to "the school properly so called" takes place.

Admission to the Beaux Arts. In the real school of the Beaux Arts the number of students is limited. Some years the lists will be more crowded than others. and the announcement will be made that only forty or fifty new students will be received. Three hundred may try for ad-



mission, but only the first forty or fifty will be accepted. At other times eighty may be let in at once. Six tasks are marked out by the rules of the institution. (1). A design in anatomy, to be executed in two hours; (2). An exercise in perspective, ten or oral examination in general history;
(4). A figure from nature and a figure from

the antique, each to be executed in twelve hours; (5). A fragment modeled after the antique and executed in nine hours; (6). An elementary study in architecture, executed in six hours.

The youths who fail have their full right to go back to the antique in the Hall of the Antique, and so they become "antiquarians." The majority continue studying in the private art schools from which they actually came to have a shy at the Beaux Arts competition. They may try again. Arts competition. They may try again. I



know one American painter who, in his in for Beiux Arts prizes and recompenses. More likely they will become attached to this or that master teaching in a private

The chosen youth, "le nouveau," comes bright and early on the first day, his heart full of confidence, and his eyes full of pride. He salutes the marble busts of Pupride. He salutes the marble busts of Puget and Poussin with a respectful and familiar, "Bonjour, brothers!" He is about to be officially received. And soon the people will say as he passes: "He is a student of the school!" Other art students will ask him. "Where are you?" He will answer, nonchalantly, "I am of the Beaux Arts!" They will say, carelesssly, "Oh, you are with Gerome and Bonnat." He will answer, "Yes." Then they will commence to blaspheme Bonnat and Gerome, like honto blaspheme Bonnat and Gerome, like hon-est partisans of their own private schools and chosen masters. But he will not mind

The Initiation. He is about to be received, and the thought suddenly troubles him. Received? Hazed mocked! Other students have already noticed him mounting the stair.

"A new one!" "A new one!" they cry. A student takes him by the hand and presents him to the others very politely: "Messieurs, a new one." "What's your name? Speak louder! Write it on the wall! Does your family have that name? Have you a sister? Is she pretty? Silence! let him tell his name!" A more important looking student comes up to pretect him. It is the massier, the head of the class, elected by universal suffrage; the depository of the executive power and the common expense money.

"Have you seen the boss (patron)?" "Good. Now we will proceed to your re-

A Critical Inspection.

The massier continues, turning to an old student: "Monsieur, the phrenologist! Will you be good enough to examine monsieur, and verify his worthiness to become one of

fogs compared with the future productions feel these two bumps in particular. This boy is the very dromedary of color!" •

The procession commences around the head of the unfortunate. "And the bump

of the line? Has he that also?"
Imperturbable, the phrenologist goes on: "Prodigious, incredible! The butte Mont-martre of drawing! Remember what I predict, gentlemen! This young man will have no more rivals among designers than he will have among colorists!" "And as to composition and imagina-

"He has everything, gentlemen. He will make Dore and Kaulbach forgotten. This hair, which seems to the unobserving only the refuge of infinite dandruff, grows on the most characteristic phrenological moun-Judge for yourselves; approach Feel him!" again.

Again the miserable new man feels the iron fingers, the contemplative ear-twisting and the thoughtful hair-pulling. All is done so leisurely and decorously that the horror of the situation is increased tenfold.

But he must bear all good-naturedly.
"His head is all right," is at last de-clared, "but genius is not sufficient for a man. Have you muscular force? Will you be able, in case of need, to assist in defending the honor of the atelier?"
"Undress! Undress!"

"Put aside your veils!" The Closing Ceremony.

The new one dares not hesitate. He knows that they will strip him if he does not strip himself; that they will paint him from head to foot with Prussian blue if he struggles. Nude and ashamed, he stands a pitiful figure on one of the classical pedestals. "Get out! You're ugly! Dress yourself!"

He is happy, indeed, if the scance terminates so quickly. Much depends upon the humor of the students at the moment. Ugly tricks are often played on the naked youth. At other times he is allowed to dress quickly and finishes his troubles by standing on a table and singing a song.
"Bravo! Put him out! Encore! Stop him!"
Until the massier approaches him more kindly, and makes a little speech, in which the mockings and deceptions he has just

undergone are shown to be salutory symbols of the deceptions and infamies of the real world outside, and terminating with the demand: "Does not monsieur feel the desire to offer something to his new comrades who have just received him with such

"Certainly. How much ought I give?"
"Oh, what you please. If you are rich you may permit yourself to offer the atelier a breakfast at Cubat's. None of these gentlemen would be so rude as to decline. If you are not rich we will accept a glass at the corner groggery.

Ordinarily \$3 is the sum which the poorer fellows hand over.
"Gentlemen, our new and generous comrade insists on offering the drinks; he has

"Whoop! Glory to nabobs!"
Calculations. "We are forty strong. Each one can have a 3-cent glass of wine, a 2-cent cake and two cigarettes. The head of the class will have double rations." He has earned them. Yelling and gesticulating like so many apes they make a break for the stairway, rush through the hall of the Antique, out into the courtyard and street, and fetch up, a howling mob at the corner wine shop. "To your glory!" which in their jargon means: "Here's looking at you!" And so they trincue, which is the French to take a drink.

About Atelier Life.

The student is now "of the Beaux Arts." He may, at his option, enter the ateller supervised by M. Gerome, or that of M. Bonnat, the two great masters of painting of the school, or he may work in an outside pay studio, getting the benefit of still other masters and only sending in his work to the semi-annual competitions. At the present time the former course is oftenest chosen. If you are of the Beaux Arts you work in a Beaux Arts atelier.

Despite the great liberty enjoyed by the students the atelier life is regular enough. students the atelier life is regular enough. The model arrives at 8 a.m. in winter and at 7 a.m. in summer. The students themselves decide the model's pose, from which discussion and interminable quarrels arise. During the first hours of work, which pass in relative silence, everyone is occupied in "planting his figure." Models looking for ergagements enter silently and sit around the stays.

recess. One by one they undress and go through their repertoire of poses. It is hard, but imperative to send away the needy but undesirable.

In the atelier the work continues always. They have finished "indicating" the figure on their canvas; they commence sketching it roughly; they prepare their palettes and begin to lay on their colors. Cigarette smoke mounts to the celling, while here and there a quarrel generates to cause diversion.

Eschylus and the soothsayer correctly grouped in pencil, with not a color yet laid on them—a Timoleon with eight arms, like the suiciding girl in "Huckleberry Finn."

Three o'clock! Already? Diable! The singers cease to vocalize the smokers drop their pipes.

Quarter after four! Only fifteen minutes left! Will the monstroits Timophanes ever have time to die? Miscriborde! And blood? Have you forgotten the blood, Gustave?

Then it's not a murder, but death by apo-

to cause diversion.
"You are only a Delacroix who has miss-

"You are only a Delacroix who has missed fire!"

"You! You can't draw!"
Some are all for color, while others for the dessin before everything. These quarrels of painters are not for us. In general it may be said, however, that art students come to Paris because they know that it may be said, however, that art students come to Paris, because they know that they teach drawing in Paris. And it is undoubted that the school of the Beaux Arts has established and maintains the high standard of Paris in this respect. "Why don't you paint ladies with gloves on their hands, as they do in Munich?" I recently heard a lady tourist ask of a Paris artist, "they paint gloves beautifully in Munich." "Because I am able to draw bare hands," replied the Parisian proudly.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays the "hoss' On Wednesdays and Saturdays the "hoss" makes his appearance. Gerome or Bonnat, according to the atelier. It is the proud right of the head of the class to receive the great man and humbly relieve him of his hat and cane. Turn by turn he sits beside each student, correcting, explaining. When he shows himself particularly interested the other students group around the fortunate canyas. The particularly interested the other students group around the fortunate canvas. The happy sketcher, elated, seeks to retain in his memory the slightest hint or suggestion. He is resolved to perfect the sketch for the exposition at the end of the year. What rating may he not expect at the next semi-annual competition?

Day of Examination.

These semi-annual examinations of the Beaux Arts are of the utmost significance. They determine the right of each student to continue to be a member of "the school properly so-called;" and the rating attainyouth, tried six times and was received at last. If they be foreigners they will not be so likely to centinue trying as the Frenchmen, for only Frenchmen may go in for Beaux Arts prizes and recompenses. ors and recompenses, but also brings permission or refusal to try for the Prix de Rome, the great ambition of youthful French genius, as well as many a prize of lesser but still important value.

On the day of the concours d'esquisses, as it is called, a hundred and more students assemble before the door of the hall of loges. These loges are little partition-



Not Content With It.

ed-off compartments like the cells of : prison, or, more correctly, horse stalls in a stable, because their fronting on the center hall is open. The furniture of each is simple—an easel, a stool, and a table. The uniformed guardians arrive; the door is opened; the students rush into the great room, choosing their stalls; then they amuse themselves until the inspector brings the program. From a far corner comes the plaintive "Suwanee River," played after a short examination of the new one's head. "What protuberances! What promise! Never in my long career have I seen the bump of color so pronounced! Messieurs, I dare predict that the most radiant paintings of Delacroix will be gray for a most respectively."

In plaintive "Suwance River," played by an American, who has brought his comb and a picce of tissue paper with him; here an Irishman is dancing a jig. In another corner they organize a hippodrome, with a glant Russian for the horse and a brisk and slender Parisian for a rider of the house compared to the horse and a brisk and slender Parisian for a rider of the haute ecole. Outwardly they are uproarious, but inwardly they are troubled. "The program! the program!"



Members of the Jury.

Slowly the inspector breaks the seal of the envelope and reads (say) "The death of Timophanes." continuing with a short, anecdotal account

of the event. "Timophanes having unjustly put to death a number of Athenian citizens and openly declared himself tyrant, Timoleon, deeply affected, endeavors first to gain his brother over by persuasion. Failing in this, he takes with him his brother-in-law, Eschy-

us, and a soothsayer, to make a last effort, the three conjuring Timophanes to abandon his improper projects. Timophanes receives them with laughing scorn. Then Timoleon stands aside, weeping, while the two others draw their swords and kill the tyrant on

"Greeks! A dead body! Bravo!" cry the amateurs of the antique.

The majority find the subject hateful.
"Timophanes! Who's he? Ohe! Timoleon! Ohe!"

At Work on the Subject.

The inspector walks out, dignified, leaving the program with a guardian. The first work of each student is to copy it for his guidance. His next act is to retire to his stall digest the subject and consult his imagination. Some seek immediately to put their composition on the canvas, marking with great pencil strokes; others, n ore prudent, make study after study on paper. The house of this ugly Timophanes. An open square. An interior lends itself to



Brings It to "The Master.

hangings, furniture, and a lamp that might give curious effects. On the other hand, to place the scene in the open air means the sky of Greece, the laurel roses and the "Well, we wouldn't have so m sky of Greece, the laurer roses and the white facades of temples. The text is not precise. Each chooses after his fancy.

Half-past eleven! It is lunch time already. They rush to the cantine, leaving their half-finished sketches—Timophanes scarcely sketched out, with a well-finished Timoleon weeping over him—Timophanes, convertir dready savet the sketched. Timoleon weeping over him—Timophanes, correctly draped, caught in the arms of a shadowy Timoleon—Timophanes, Timoleon,

Three o'clock! Already? Diable! The singers cease to vocalize, the smokers drop their pipes.

Quarter after four! Only fifteen minutes left! Will the monstroids Timophanes ever have time to die? Misericorde! And blood? Have you forgotten the blood, Gustave? Then it's not a murder, but death by apoplexy! Toc! Toc! A beautiful splotch of carmine! A la bonne heure! What butchery, my children!

The Prizes. The seals are on the compositions, and the students are in the street. Fighting over the subject, the groups go to their late dinat home, will spend their evenings in the ner. Then the poorer ones, who have no fire Beaux Arts library. The riches ones will go to the Brasserie d'Harcourt or Mueller's to chat with the Trilbys and drink beer. Will such a one come cut well in the list?



The matter is of special importance only to the individual. The general interest in the class centers on the great ones, who are thought to have a chance for prizes. Each student pursues or neglects, as the spirit moves him, the Beaux Arts lecture courses; general history, anatomy, perspective, mathematics and mechanics, descriptive ge-ometry, archaeology, history of aesthetics, crnamental design, decorative composition. literature and the rest; each gains or fails to gain, at some time or other in his youthful career, a first or second-class Beaux Arts medal, be it for design, composition or painted sketch, in concours open only to Beaux Arts students; each has his try for first, second or third-class medals in the yearly Beaux Arts public competitions, where the Beaux Arts students must compete with students of the private schools.

There is also the annual struggle for the great medal of the Beaux Arts, to which outside students are also admitted, and the competition for the great medal of emula-tion. There are prizes and mentions in anatomy, perspective and what not. "Encouragements" in money, varying from \$25 to \$10, are granted to the deserving. Prizes of outside foundation, varying in value from \$60 to \$500, some open to outside students, some reserved to Beaux Arts students alone are distributed yearly. All these, valued as they are, sink into smallness in comparison with the dream of every young French painter—the winning of the Beaux Arts Grand Prix de Rome. Out of three hundred who try each year

for these three great prizes, which take their winners to Rome, there to be supported at the expense of the French government for four years, one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty are always students of painting. Out of the hundred and fifty who enter the first trial competition, only the first twenty may enter for the second-trial competition. Of these twenty only ten may enter the last and definite competit STERLING HEILIG.

FLYING THE COMING SPORT.

Genuine Open Air Exercise, Says One Who Has Tried It. From the Aeronautical Annual.

One can fly long distances with quite simple apparatus, writes Otto Lilienthal, without taxing one's strength at all, and this kind of free and safe motion through the air affords greater pleasure than any other kind of sport. From a raised starting point, particularly from the top of a flat hill, one can, after some practice, soar through the air, reaching the earth only after having gone a great distance.

For this purpose I have hitherto employed a sailing apparatus very like the outspread pinions of a soaring bird. It consists of a ton twill). The frame is taken hold of by the hands, the arms resting between cushions, thus supporting the body. The legs remain free for running and jumping.
The steering in the air is brought about by changing the center of gravity. This ap-paratus I had constructed with supporting surfaces of ten to twenty square meters. The larger sailing surfaces move in an in-cline of one to eight, so that one is enabled to fly eight times as far as the starting hill is high. The steering is facilitated by the rudder, which is firmly fastened behind in a horizontal and vertical position. The machines weigh, according to their size, from thirty-three to fifty-five pounds. In order to practice flying with these sailing surfaces one first takes short jumps on a somewhat inclined surface, till he has ac-customed himself to be borne by the air. Finally he is able to sail over inclined sur-

Finally he is able to sail over inclined surfaces as far as he wishes. The supporting capacity of the air is felt, particularly if there is a breeze. A sudden increase in the wind causes a longer stoppage in the air, or one is raised to a still higher point. The charm of such a flight is indescribable, and there could not be a healthier motion or there could not be a healthier motion or more exciting sport in the open air. The rivalry in these exercises cannot but lead to a constant perfecting of the apparatus the same as, for instance, is the case with bleyeles. I speak from experience, for, although the system of my sailing apparatus remains the same, it has gone through num-

berless changes yearly.

The apparatus which I now employ for my flying exercises contains a great many improvements as compared with the first sailing surfaces with which I commenced this kind of experiment, five years ago. The first attempts in windy weather taught me that suitable steering surfaces would be needed to enable me to keep my course better against the wind. Repeated changes in the construction led to a kind of apparatus with which one can throw himself without danger from any height, reaching the earth safely, after a long distance. The construc-tion of the machine is such that it resembles in all its parts a strut-frame, the joints of which are calculated to stand pull and pressure, in order to combine the greatest strength with the least weight. An important improvement was to arrange the apparatus for folding. All of my recent machines are so arranged that they can be taken through a door about 61/2 feet high. The unfolding and putting together of the flying implements takes about two minutes. A single grip of the hands is sufficient to attach the apparatus safely to the body, and one gets out of the apparatus just as quickly on landing. In case of a storm the flying sail is folded up in half a minute and can be laid by anywhere. If one should not care to fold the apparatus he may await the end of the storm under cover of the wings, which are capable of protecting twenty persons. Even the heaviest rain will not damage the

apparatus. The flying apparatus, even if completely drenched, is soon dried by a few sailing flights after the rain stops, as the air passes through the same, with great speed. The latest improvements of the flying apparatus which I use for practical experiments refer to gaining of greater stability in windy weather.

My experiments tend particularly in two directions. On the one side I endeavor to carry my experiments in salling through the air with immovable wings to this extent: I practice the overcoming of the wind, in order to penetrate, if possible, into the secret of continued soaring flight. On the other hand I try to attain the dynamic flight by means of flapping the wings, which are

ing flights. The Silver Lining. From the Eldora (Iowa) Ledger. Excited American Freshman-"Did I pass

ntroduced as a simple addition to my sail-

ny examination, professor?" Professor, with proud scern-"No, sir!" Off dances Freshle, radiant with smiles. Professor-"You misunderstood me; you Incorrigible Freshman-"Ah, but I won a

Professor staggers.

It Was Evident. From the Chicago Post. "I see some skates are talking about a six-year presidential term, an' sayin' it's

"Well, we wouldn't have so many campaigns in that case," returned the little man. "That's why I favor it." "Do you favor it?" asked the fat man, scowling at the little one.

"Certainly."
"Well, I don't know who you are, but I'll bet a ten-dollar bill to a copper cent you're not in the saloon business."

If you get best wear out of a coat best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything unless the best is in it; and the best has to be put in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." . . . Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you get Ayer's.

> 'Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook." It kills doubts but cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

ELECTRIC SHOCK VICTIMS.

French Authority Prescribes a Formula of Treatment. From the Medical Record.

One of the contingencies of modern civilization which is almost entirely new and is dents from electric shock. The matter has is still on the increase. been discussed quite thoroughly by physicians in this country, but it has been worked out perhaps more systematically by Dr. D'Arsonval of Paris, who has recently made a report to the Academie de Medecine of Paris upon the method of treating persons injured by electrical shocks. D'Arsonval states that electricity causes death sometimes directly by the disruptive and electrolytic effects of the charge on the tissues. This death is final. It sometimes, however, causes death indirectly by arrest of respiration and syncope, caused by stimulation of the nerve centers. Under these circumstances a person may be revived if

proper measures are applied.

The formula for reviving the victim of electric shock is this: The person so disabled should be treated like one drowned; in other words, he should be laid upon the back, and artificial respiration performed in the way that is ordinarily prescribed. Some further practical advice, however, is given to those who are called at once to the scene of the accident, and at the time when the person is perhaps still in contact with the wires. Of course, the first thing to be done is to stop the current or break the contact. In doing the latter, one should not touch the victim on the face or hands, or any naked part of the body. It is better to lift him by the coattails or to throw a blanket over him and pull him by this. Nothing that is wet should be thrown upon him, and if his clothes are wet, the hands should not be put in contact with them. A piece of dry wood can be placed under the body and he can then be lifted. The furthapplied in attempting to restore the drowned. The arms are worked, and the tongue is kept drawn out; the body may sometimes be rubbed thoroughly with a cloth or brush in order to increase the circulation of the blood. Oxygen and perhaps a stimulant may be employed.

HOW THE LAST JUROR WAS WON. The Lawyer Saw From His Face That He Was Unconvinced.

From the Ohicago Chronicle. Dr. Robert D. Sheppard, business agent

of the Northwestern University, relates a story of how he once won a lawsuit which llustrates the manner in which lawyers cometimes adapt themselves to their juries. "There was no question," said Dr. Sheppard, "but that I was in the right of the case. The evidence was conclusive, the aw was on my side, and when my attorney arose to make his opening address he thought he had the case won. He briefly reviewed the evidence, stated the law in the case, and was about to close his argument when he noticed that one of the jurors, a stolid old farmer, did not seem to be with him. The other eleven men had already decided the case in their own minds, but the farmer had a slug-gish, set expression on his countenance

which boded no good for me or my case. Again the lawyer reviewed the evidence, addressing his remarks entirely to this one man, but no impression was made. The same stolid expression still occupied the man's face, and he seemed as little likely to be moved as the court house in which the trial was taking place. attorney tried all kinds of arguments, and finally, when he was about giving up in despair, a happy thought struck him. He repeated again the bare facts, and when he came to a place where the person op-posing me had made an egregious error in judgment he leaned over to the old farmer and said:
"'And I want to tell you, my friend, that

there's where he dropped his watermelon."
"The old farmer's face lighted up, and from that moment the case was won. The ury was out less than five minutes, and brought back a verdict for all that I had

After Carlyle. From the London Echo.

Though wardering in a stranger land, Though on the waste no altar stand, Take comfort! thou art not alone While Faith hath marked thee for her own Wouldst thou a temple? Look above, The heavens stretch over all in love; A book? For thine evangel scan The wondrous history of man.

The holy band of saints renowned Embrace thee, brotherlike, around; Their sufferings and their triumphs rise In hymns immortal to the skies. And though no organ peal be heard, In harmony the winds are stirred:

And there the morning stars upraise Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

Entirely Superfluous. From the Chicago Tribune.

"Papa," sald Mr. Kajones' youngest, leaning over his chair and stroking his iron-gray hair, "you've bought blcycles for the others, and I ought to have one. I'm

big enough to ride it now."
"H'm!" exclaimed her father, "how many machines have we in the family?" "Only four," replied Mr. Kajames.
"Only four! Do you know, my dear, there is nothing in the world quite as useless as a fifth wheel?" LIFE IN JOHANNESBURG.

Transvaal. From the Home Journal.

The Transvaal and its wonderful cosmopolitan center, Johannesburg, are just now wholly dependent upon the development of of greater interest than ever. Emigration he stepped into a down-town office building modern industry is the treatment of acci- there from all enterprising civilized nations and faced a half dozen elevators. He The railway journey from Cape Town to

> through a seemingly endless, sandy country, with range succeeding range of disthan an expanse of naked ocean itself. First and second class have sleeping accommodation, the third being kept for blacks and the lowest class Dutch. Well, we reach Johannesburg, which has not even yet, with all its wealth, a covered-in redway station while her way of contrast. railway station; while by way of contrast in the progress of the place, just across the road is a huge club, with tennis, cricket, foot ball and cycling grounds, gymnasium, military band, halls for dancing, operas, oratorios, etc., which will bear compariso with any you please. Its members are millionaires and clerks, lodgers and their lodging house keepers, all equal there; for we have left behind caste, cliques and cathedral cities, and are cosmopolitan, or, in a word, colonial. An institution like this gives us the state of society there in a nutshell, for, as wages are very high, any one in anything like lucrative employment can belong to it; and the grades in society are determined by money, and money only.
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> Johannesburg, the London of South Africa, which was nine years ago barren veldt, eight years ago a miners' camp, is now the center of some one hundred thousand inhabitants, and increasing about as fast as bricks and mortar can be obtained. It is situated directly on top of the gold, and, on looking down from the high ground above, it looks to an English eye like a huge, long-drawn-out mass of tin sheds, huge, long-drawn-out mass of tin sheds with its painted iron mine chimneys run ning in a straight line all along the quartz gold reef as far as you can see in either direction. The largest or main reef runs for thirty miles uninterruptedly, gold-bear-

out. This, even were it alone, could speak for the stability and continued prosperity of the Transvaal gold trade. On a mail steamer arriving only a few days ago from the Cape was said to be between 1300,000 and f400,000 worth of gold, and the newspapers show that usually about £100,000 worth is consigned by each mail boat.

To young fellows going out with a few hundreds to try their luck, the old Australian's advice, I think, holds good for Africa, namely, to put your money into safety for a year, and not go into business or speculating until you know your country. Johannesburg business morality is certainly not London business morality; and leading business men at the former place will tell you themselves that honesty is not expected there. For those who go to earn their livelihood, or to make money, would say, do not go out without a fixed From the London Truth. trade or handicraft, or money to start upon, or a good introduction to some friend already there. But remember that the Transvaal is a veritable paradise for the workingman who knows his business. All the heavy part of the labor is put out; the Kaffirs do it, directed by him in a few Kaffir words and generally many English expletives. Wages are paid monthly. Miners make their £25 or £30 a month, if first rate, and the blacks drill their holes for blasting where and as they order them. Carpenters, blacksmiths, masons can get about the same; and, whenever a billet is lost or cannot be obtained, a short tramp along the mines generally brings success.

A GALLANT COCK GROUSE. He Landed in a Barnyard and Charmed All the Hens.

A big cock-ruffed grouse came plumping down in the barnyard at Seth Colby's near Bear Creek, Pa., the other day, and strutted about among the hens, giving himself all sorts of airs. The rooster that had making beaten biscuit." "Of course not," charge of this flock of hens gazed at this impudent intruder in astonishment for a few seconds, and then bristled up and started in to show the grouse that sole authority in that yard was vested in himself. The rooster was as big again as the grouse, but the gamey interloper from the wilds put himself in shape and treated Mr. Rooster to something that was a surprise to him. The grouse was so quick and fierce

in his fighting that after three lively rounds the rooster turned tall and retreated to a far corner of the barnvard. The victor couldn't crow, but he jumped upon a mound of straw and looked the surroundings over with such an imperious air that it spoke louder of his triumph than a crow that could have been heard a mile. After thus gloating over his victory the wild cock came off the mound and strutted

about among the hens with more assurance than before. The hens did not conceal their admiration for the audacious gallant, and huddled around him, ignoring scornfully the presence of their rightful lord, beaten and humiliated in his corner. For half an nour the grouse enjoyed his pleas-ing triumph, and then whirled away to his wooded haunts.

"And them hens," says Seth Colby, who

"And them hens," says Seth Colby, who witnessed the remarkable exhibition from the window of his hay mow, "looked sorrier than a widder when that dandy pheasant left 'em, and they kept it up so long that they didn't recognize the rooster for more'n two days."

TRAINS RUN UPWARD.

More About the Metropolis of the The Straight Up and Down Runs of Certain Down-Town Expresses. From the New York Press.

"All aboard-seventh floor first stop." This cry greeted a reporter yesterday as wished to go to the ninth floor. He stepped into an elevator over which was the sign: Johannesburg of about three days is "Express-first stop, seventh floor."

In it there were three men and a middleaged woman. The starter said "All right," tant mountains, all alike, and strikes a and the elevator man grasped the throttle greater sense of vastness and desolation of the "express." It was the usual cable rope, and as the man pulled it began its journey upward. The lone woman passenger gave vent to a slight "Oh!" and held

ger gave vent to a signt 'On; and neighter breath,
Floor after floor was passed at a speed of about eight miles an hour. When the sixth floor was reached the woman wanted to get off, but was informed that she was on an average and it was against the rules to express, and it was against the stop an express until its destination was reached. The elevator arrived at the seventh floor on time. It took exactly eight seconds to make the upward journey of eighty-five feet. The elevator man then announced that the next stop would be the top floor, 100 feet above. The top floor, according to the directory, was the four-teenth, and the elevator flew upward once more, arriving near the road a few seconds. more, arriving near the roof a few seconds

later.
"We can make a round trip in forty-five seconds, including short stops," said the engineer of the express, "but we have made it in about forty without stops. There are it in about forty without stops. There are two express elevators and four regulars, that we call way trains. They stop at every floor and for everybody who shouts. Often I get passengers who want to get out at the sixth or teath floors. They get mad, too, when they are told they must go up and take another elevator down. The other express makes no intermediate stops at all express makes no intermediate stops at all during the busy hours."

How Sand Hills Grow.

From the Spectator. A sand hill is not "made" so much as planted. Wherever a patch of "marrum

grass" takes root there the sand blown from the great bank gathers round it. As the sand spreads, the grass grows through it, until the hard, dry blades form the nucleus of thousands of tons of "hills." Near Holkham bay there lay not forty years ago a wet "lake" inside the high sand. There the "gunners" used to hide for curlew, digging holes and filling them with "mardigging noies and mining them with mar-rum grass," to make them dry and com-fortable. This grass took root, the sand gathered round, and where the "lake" lay is now a tumultuous mass of rounded hillocks, rising twenty feet above high-water 'evel-built by the "marrum grass" from the surplus driftings of the mighty sand.

Why Cycling Exhilarates.

An enthusiastic cyclist tells you that the effects of excess in cycling are very much the same as excess in drink. And I feel very little doubt that the doctor is right. Cycling, I suppose, because it acts as such a powerful stimulant to the heart, produces, in the first instance, a feeling of exhilaration, which is in itself a pleasure, especially to the owner of a fagged brain or jaded nerves. Anything that produces this effect is naturally "craved" after when once tasted. This exhilarating effect, too, overcomes the consciousness of fatigue and consequently prevents the cyclist from judging accurately when he (or she) has had enough-another dangerous point of re-

Repartee.

From the Chicago Record. "Kitty," he said to his wife, "you're clever, but you can't touch my mother at she said; "the woman that brought you up had to have a good fist."

Jack Scraggs-"Pitching for a league club

Two College Graduates.

From Texas Siftings. Rev. Dr. Discord-"Why, dear Jack, I am glad to see you. You are looking so well.

What have you been doing?"

at \$5,000 a year. What are you doing?" Discord-"Preaching for a chapel at \$500 a year." Right Up-to-Date.



Young Miss (to suitor who has just proposed to her)—"I cannot promise you just now, not feeling any love for you whatever as yet, but, er-you may call again-say, in an hour's time."